Rev. T. McKeen.

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WAITING.

The firelight redly flashes,
The chill gold sunset wanes,
A gust by the window dashes,
Rattling the frosted panes.

Does it darken my thoughts by one shadow
Here in the gloom to sit,
As snowy whirls on the meadow,
Wraith like, hurry and flit?

Would my tired heart throb faster
If I woke to find, some morn,
Beams on the purple aster—
Beams on the pennoned corn?

Autumn chant of the cricket,
Or the May-bird's fluted mirth;
Flames over swamp and thicket,
Or flames on the winter hearth;

The pine log's drowsy humming,
Or the basso of the bee;
Robin departing or coming—
Is it ever the same to me?

Yes; for the vision grows clearer
With each new dream by night,
The beautiful realms are nearer,
The radiant palms more bright;

And grouped with the fair-browed number
On the Sacred Hills, I see
Friends through the dark of slumber
Reaching white hands to me!

SUNSHINE.

Little buds, little buds, toss your heads—
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,
And welcome the sunshine in floods!
How softly uncloses
Each innocent daisy!
Now roses, now roses!
You must not be lazy;
The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you—
Unfurl your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.

Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,
With your delicate bouquet of snow;
Start up, little thorns, with your promise of death.
Keep guard on the treasure below!
Their blossoms of beauty
The fruit-trees must scatter;
They've done their bright duty,
So what does it matter?
They laugh with delight,
As they flutter away,
To see little berries
Peep out at the day!

Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;
Pour your golden enchantment on all!
We spring into life for the worship of you—
Be ready to answer our call!
No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you;
'Tis *you* we take pride in,
'Tis *we* must adore you!
What creatures would scatter
Their beauty and grace,
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face?

Hoe your own Row.

There is no better way to ruin a young man than to give him to understand in early life that his future success will not depend upon his own individual efforts. There are cases in which young men, who have had such teachings, have overcome their pernicious effects; but, as compared with the whole, these are the exceptions, and not the rule. The parent who thoroughly impresses upon the mind of his boy the idea that he will be dependent upon his own exertions—that the responsibility of success or failure rests with himself,—will find that a good work has been wrought, the effects of which will be seen when the boy enters upon the grand struggle which is to result in triumphant victory or lamentable defeat. A boy thus taught feels that he has a duty to perform,—that while he may have the support and influence of a parent to assist, still upon his own energies and efforts will depend his success. He recognizes, therefore, that he is a power within himself; and this knowledge puts a restraint upon immoral tendencies, and prompts to habits of active industry and prudent economy. Who that has been the architect of his own fortune can not recall the pride of the moment when he found himself the possessor of the first thousand, or the proprietor of the workshop, factory, store, or office in which the foundation of his wealth was laid? There may have been happier moments of his life, but none that carried with them more genuine and perfect satisfaction. Parents, teach your boys to rely upon themselves. Teach them to stand alone in early life. Implant in them a feeling of confidence in their own ability and their own powers, coupled with a feeling of personal responsibility, which will steady them when they incline to vacillate or waver, and inspire them with the spirit of self-independence which rarely ever fails to win a triumph.

Despise a man, and you become of the kind you would make him; love him, and you lift him into yours.—*George MacDonald.*

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

The live man is like a little pig; he is weaned young and begins to root early. He is the peppersass ov creation, the allspice ov the world. One live man in a village is like a case ov itch in a distrikt school—he sets everybody scratching at onst. —*Josh Billings.*

A MISSISSIPPI NIGHT.

Our home was on the Louisiana or western shore of the great river, and the mansion was a mile or more from the negro quarters of the large plantation.

My husband was absent on business in New Orleans, and had not returned when the prolonged rains of that autumn began. As the rain-storm was a general one, extending through States far to the north, the Father of Waters began to rise with more than ordinary rapidity. From the upper porches and windows of the house I could plainly see the vast volume of yellow water as it widened over the opposite Mississippi flats, where there was no levee. The qauntities of drift-wood coming down, and the peculiar way in which the river seemed convex and clear of drift in the middle, while the apparently lower margins were thick with the spoils of the forest, showed me that it was still swelling to a higher rise, and was a veritable flood. When the stream is falling the suck of the lower current draws the drift to the middle, and keeps the portion next the bank quite clear. But at that time the main channel was only marked by the smooth, waveless rush of muddy tide, and the ear caught only that low growl of the relentless giant asking for its ocean bride. I at once summoned every available person on the estate, and made the details to build fires at intervals on our levee, so as to keep watch all night. Also directed the gangs with spades and axes to be ready for any break on our front, or any call for aid from neighboring plantations. Every precaution seemed to have been taken which was necessary for safety. Low places had been elevated, washed places mended, and points where the current set with great power had been strengthened by felled timber. At one point, just above the house, which seemed to have been the old channel, the river made a great bend, and the sullen water met the obstructing shore with a defiant lash of its yellow, glassy rollers, and then turned away to its open course. This point had been strengthened by a double thickness of embankment and by piles lined with heavy timber.

Two days went by, and all seemed so secure that the night-fires and watchers at every quarter of a mile were discontinued, and I felt serenely confident of the approval of my husband, and that he would call me his "brave little wife," for possessing nerve and judgement to manage a great plantation in the face of the highest flood for many years.

One of the planters, three miles above, had not been so careful as we, and a small crevasse had been made on his line. It was not dangerous, as it was on the side of a straight shoot or current of the river, and not in the face of one. Still, we did what was usual, and sent a large force to prevent possible danger and inundation to some of our lands. That night there was a bright moonlight, and the most of the house-servants had asked permission to attend a dance at the "quarters." Thus it was that I went to bed with no one in the house save my old colored servant, who had once been my nurse, and was now fifty years old. It is customary with us to give titles of affection to these faithful old servants, and we called her Aunt Sarah.

It must have been near midnight that I was awakened by a harsh, grinding sound. It was not loud but deep, as if some Titantic mill of the gods had chosen to grind up a forest for a grist. I arose in my bed and listened, at first thought my husband was come, and it was the sound of wheels on the gravel. But it was too deep and heavy for that; and then he could not easily land with the water so high. Then I began to distinguish a more gentle sound, like the half-subdued wash of water, or the soft lap of a tide upon a beach. As the horn had not been blown as a signal of danger, and I could not hear the loud negro chorus, which betokened a battle with the river, I concluded that the most of it was imagination, and lay down again, intending to dismiss the mystery in sleep. Just then I heard the feet of Aunt Sarah on the stairs, not as usual, but as if her shoes had water in them.

As she came into the room I detected the *drip, drip*, on the carpet. I sprang up and exclaimed, "What does this mean?" Her voice was soothing as when I was a fretful child, as she replied, "'Fore Gracious, I's sorry to come on de nice carpet wid my wet close! but scuse me dis time." As she lighted the burners I saw that she was wet and dripping to the waist. I was out of bed in a moment and asked anxiously, "Why, my dear old nurse, where have you been? Did you go to the levee and slip in the water?"

She proceeded to stir up the fire, and arrange my clothes for me to dress, as she said, "Jest look out of the window, mistress."

As I threw up the sash, and stepped out into the wide upper veranda, I thought I saw what had happened in a moment. It was evident that the swollen stream had received some new accession of volume from some of its great upper feeders—perhaps from the Missouri, with its springs under the arches of the sunset. Then, coming down like a vast tidal wave, it had overleaped all artificial barriers. It was the crushing and splintering of the massive timber breast-work that I had heard at first. Everywhere around me the moonbeams glittered on the ripple of the yellow water, while trees, buildings and fences stood out of the shiny surface, and cast delicate shadows upon it. Every cloud had passed from heaven, and the serene blue, with its calm stars, was quiet and holy. The illumined water was beautiful, and seemed so gentle and harmless that I only felt mortified because my husband would know that the Mississippi had defeated his wife. The negroes who were near at hand were crowding on the unbroken part of the levee, some mile above, and I could see their dark forms relieved against the glare of the fire they were building. As I saw the women and children and cattle, slowly moving up the broad embankment to safer ground, I felt that no great loss was likely to occur, and so said to Aunt Sarah, who had silently joined me with a shawl. She looked at me a moment, and said, "You wont be scared?"

"No," said I, "for I should rather like it were it not for the loss to my husband, and the wetting to you. How did you get wet?"

She answered, "I went out wid a hoe when I see the ribber gitting up, but it come too strong, an' like to washed me away. I couldn't find de horn to blow for de quarter peoples."

"You foolish old woman," said I.

Never try to mend a break by yourself. But as you are safe I don't mind the crevasse."

She was silent for a little while, and then said, "My lamb, dis no crevasse; dis is a *cut-off*."

"Are you dreaming?" said I, with a laugh that was mixed with terror.

She pointed to the timbered land back of the garden, where I could see that the rippling water, of only two or three feet in depth, that lay around the house changed to a deeper and more rapid current. "Look at dem trees leanin' ober," said she.

"Dare, two of 'em goes down."

I felt my heart stand still, and my limbs trembled as I looked, and I comprehended the worst. On each side of the swift path of the water the giants oaks, with their hoary beards of gray moss, were leaning together over the mid-current, and as she spoke two went down with a splash. Perhaps a thousand years before that had been the channel of the river. Some raft or drift of a million interlocked trees had checked the rush of some past flood, and the retarded waters had whirled away to cut a new channel around the elbow of some twenty miles. Centuries had passed—mould had covered the sand and mud on the raft. Oaks and tall magnolias had taken root down as they grew up; and for half a century man had locked out the annual flood with huge bars of earth, and, redeeming the virgin mould from nature, had built his home, and gathered that richer "golden fleece" than Jason dreamed of. Now the autocrat river claimed its ancient bed, and swept down with its hoarse rebuke to the forest and to man. Our home stood directly in the old path, and the leaning and falling trees showed how terribly sure was the great plow making its furrow. Nature had harnessed the Mississippi.

Aunt Sarah was perfectly calm as she said: "Now you is looked enough. Get all de warm dresses' an' jewelery an' some blankets, while I puts on dry close an' gets an axe."

"An axe," said I; "what for?"

"To prize up the porch flo or an make a raft, my precious. Dis house will wash away by day break."

I saw that too, and hesitation and delay were over. My husband's valuable papers were first secured, and then clothing, money, plate and jewelry. By the time I had begun to roll up blankets Aunt Sarah was in warm, dry clothes, and I heard the crash, as her strong arm smote down doors and window-blinds, and soon began to out and pry at the long, narrow planks of the veranda floor. I brought an iron bar from the tool-room on the first-floor, and by our united strength we overcame the tenacious nails, and stripped up board after board. A few blows on the lower ceiling made a hole, and we dropped them through, where they lay almost on a level with the water. I never knew before that I was strong when excited, and the soreness and blistered hands were not thought of till the next day. Still it was my old nurse who thought of everything, and talked to me in her queer way, as if I was still her child. There were some large and massive French bedsteads in the sleeping-rooms on the first-floor, and by our united strength we turned them edgeways and pushed them through the windows that opened to the veranda floor. While the stout old woman arranged the long boards across them, I was sent to the store of farm implements in the building, and told to bring every rope and plow-line and ball of twine I could find. These were abundant, and the boards were woven together like the bottom of a huge basket, and laced to the sides and ends of the bedsteads. Then we tied strong cords for cables, and rolled them off into the water. They dipped down and were wet; but that did not matter, so they floated again. We got the two side and side and securely fastened together; then doors and window-shutters were laid on or tied up for sides; and finally cotten mattresses were put on to keep us above the water. Then came trunks and valuables, and when we had all that it was safe to take, or that was at once small and valuable, we paused to see if our peril grew. The yard fence, not one hundred yards away, was leaning on the verge of some unseen gulf, and the oaks for half a mile wide were all gone. It was their splash we had heard as we worked. We had no oars, nor skill to use them if we had, and the best poles we could find for pushing were the long, slender canes used for fishing. Then came a supply of food and candles; and as the lull followed the heat and excitement of labor, the terror of the inexorable river and of our frail raft *would* come and make the heart sick.

We had no time to delay. By means of poles and ropes we managed to push and warp the clumsy raft around the corner of the house, and then tried to make it float up into the elbow, where the *cut-off* was not likely to follow us. We got a little ways, but the *suck* of the current was too strong for us. So we tied up to a crape-myrtle, and waited for the crumbling bank to reach us. The moon went down and there were only the silent stars above the low monotone of the waters.

Silently we waited and prayed. We were warm and dry, as only the bottom mattress became soaked. About the break of day the house began to lean. The negroes on the levee had retreated from the widening river, and their fire been submerged. As the sun arose the house slid slowly into the stream. We could hear the crash as the chimneys tore out of the timbers and sank, and then it floated away, slanting in the water, and little to be seen but the rent roof. Once or twice it grounded, or caught on snags in the bottom, and then hurried down out of sight. The power of the water was making fierce tugs at our hempen rope, and it was soon broken. Two or three times we slowly rotated in the side eddy, and then, as if caught by some unseen hand, we shot out into mid-stream. That was well for us, as we avoided the falling timber of the still widening banks, and also the worst of the hurrying drift. Steam would not have taken us faster, and in less than an hour, we, two women on a raft, were out on the broad bosom of the Mississippi.

The night was over, but not the peril. As our raft was buoyant we were only shaken, but not sucked down by the whirlpools. We had lights to prevent the danger of being run over by steamboats at night, and on that great highway we were sure of being picked up. There were barns, fragments of fences, and sometimes mills and small house floating down; but it was noon before we saw any human being. Then a fine boat came breasting the current, and while we were half a mile away, in the dead water near a swamp, they saw our table-cloth on a cane, which was our signal. They took us for negroes, and hailing us as such, bade us take care of ourselves, but made no pause. Sick enough at heart were we as the white jets of her steam escapes faded out of sight up the stream. There was a fair prospect of floating all night near enough the swamp for snakes and wild-cats to swim to us, or of hurrying down the current to unseen perils. One more boat passed us, and seemed not to see our signal against the back-ground of gray moss. I cried like a baby, and she tried to console me. It was nearly night when a great steamer passed up on the other side, but the people seemed to see us. Suddenly the roar of her whistle came across the mile of flood, and she slowly rounded us like a huge white swan. She had to follow us a little down the steam, but when salvation was sure I must have fainted. I think I was a little conscious of the jar as we touched her sides, and of being lifted by strong arms. The first I heard was a well-known and loved voice, saying, "Mary, my own wife, don't you know me?" Faithful Sarah was dancing for joy, and telling everybody of the providence which made the two boats pass by, but stopped the one which held my anxious husband. That was years ago.

Aunt Sarah received her freedom and that of her family, but has never left me. She is never more pleased than when she can gather children or grown people to listen to the marvels of a Mississippi night.

Pithy Sayings.

No man is hurt but by himself.—*Diogenes.*

Things ill got have ever bad success.—*Shakespeare.*

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.—*Madame de Stael.*

He is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—*Levatar.*

Where the catholic spirit is, there is the Catholic Church.—*Henge.*

There are wrongers of subjects, as well as writers on them.—*Coleridge.*

The prime condition of a life ever found is a life ever lost.—*Robert Collyer.*

The various sects are only different entrances to the other city.—*Hindoo Pundit.*

Better make penitence by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

It is more honorable to contend with Hercules, than disgraceful to be overcome by him.—*Ovid.*

Force is the queen of the world, and not opinion; but opinion is that which uses force.—*Pascal.*

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all itself which would otherwise pass by.—*Fuller.*

The road is easier after a saint like Jesus has trodden it; but no saint travels the whole length.—*Theo. Parker.*

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty, it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. —*Pope.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

"O lily-of-the-valley! why will you be so coy,
And hide away where few of us your beauty can enjoy?
Your little flowers, so white and pure, are fragrant to the smell;
Yet in the valley's cooling shade you always love to dwell."

"If you will listen very close, I'll tell you, little maid,
Why thus I pass my life here in the cooling shade;
If I were on the sunny bank, where all could see and praise,
In such a glare I'd find it hard to live out half my days."

DUCK.

Duck was one of Willie Graham's pet names. His father gave it to him because he was always dabbling in water. Plash went his little fat hand into every pan and bucket of water within his reach. After a rain, he would often elude watchful mamma, and slipping out doors, would explore every puddle, making his dress and apron dripping wet, and spatter his face and thin white hair with mud. Water was exceedingly delightful except when mamma wanted to wash the dirty streaks from his face; and then kicks and screams did not half express his dislike.

One day mamma took him to the village store to buy him a pair of shoes. A red pair, with blue bindings and strings, pleased his fancy; and he coaxed for them with all the enticing baby ways he could invent.

Mamma laughed, and called him a little Indian, and said he would look "outlandish," but finally bought them.

"Now, Duck," she said putting them on him at home, "you must not go in the water. If you do, your pretty shoes will be ugly,—real ugly. Will you remember?"

Duck nodded his funny, almost bald head three times, emphatically and going around to every member of the family, stuck out his feet, saying, "Da, da!" which was his language for look there.

Then he showed "damma" how he was going to have his picture taken, standing beside a chair, and placing his elbow upon it, and resting his chubby cheek in his hand.

Aunt Nell caught him up in her arms, declaring that "he was the prettiest, sweetest baby that ever breathed;" but he squirmed away, despite remonstrances, and went to driving horses; and this was the way he drove. He tied strings all over his little chair, and shoved it across the kitchen and porch floors, shouting at the top of his voice, "Dit boo, dit boo," which was to be interpreted as, "Get up horse."

That chair underwent wonderful transformations during a day. It could be a horse, a wagon, a train of cars, a house, a barn, a dinner table, a piano, and a cradle for his doll-baby.

While he was on the porch, he saw the yard gate open a little way. Talk about temptation! That big, hard gate open,—nothing to keep him from that wonderful barn, with its piles of hay, its bins of wheat, and eggs,—why, there might be a hundred of them, and nobody to get them. How the little feet flew, and what adventures he had when he got there, slipping into holes in the hay nearly out of sight, and clambering out again, almost tumbling into the wheat bid, making the red rooster run, and pelting the turkeys with grandpa's seed potatoes! Fortunately, the stock were all in the fields; so he met with no accidents save tearing his dress upon nails, and covering himself with a compound of dirt, tar and hay seed. He went across the barnyard, and peeped through the bars. How brightly the water sparkled in the brook! Why could he not go there? It would be so nice! Not a thought about the gay new shoes.

"Where is Duck?" asked mamma.

"In mischief, you may be sure," replied grandma; "always is when all is quiet."

Aunt Nell started in search.

"Willie! Duck! Dumpling!" she called; not that he had ever answered, but she hoped he would learn sometime.

She looked the house over, the wood-house, the corn-crib, and the barn, but no Duck. She began to be frightened; but as she was leaving the barn she heard a ripple of laughter, and after looking around for several minutes, saw him in the shallow brook, jumping up and down on the limestone bottom, laughing and shouting in the greatest glee. But alas! those new shoes!